

THE C.B.

August
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DIAMOND



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July - August

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THE DIAMOND

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ABOUT THE COVER

*Grim isn't it? This the front gate
our institution.*

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Low Number	3646	By Parole	
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From The Editors

TO OUR READERS:

As you have no doubt noticed, we are changing the format of our magazine. We would like to say the change is being made to give you a more compact, eye-appealing magazine, but the truth is we can save money this way.

The combining of a July-August issue is not intended as a money saving device and, so that no subscriber will lose out, we are adding one month to all subscriptions. Fair?

Our reason for combining this issue is that we have fallen behind in our mailing schedule and instead of mailing you a July issue in the middle of August, you will now receive the magazine the same month as it is dated. That is; September's issue *should* arrive in September. We hope you understand this explanation because we are now thoroughly confused!

Our more eagle-eyed readers may have noticed that we inadvertently switched the names of the Chief Keeper and the Principal Keeper in our June issue and as a consequence we had to change the titles over their names by hand. It was only time the staff were glad our subscriptions are low. This delayed our mailing for over a week and is one of the reasons we are behind in our schedule.

We are reorganizing the entire magazine and we hope to produce a more entertaining magazine in the future. We will try to stress humor and we hope that what tickles us also gets through to the outside reader. We welcome any suggestions or criticisms from our readers so if the spirit moves you, drop a line to:

The Editor,
C.B. Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ont.

Collin's Bay **DIAMOND**

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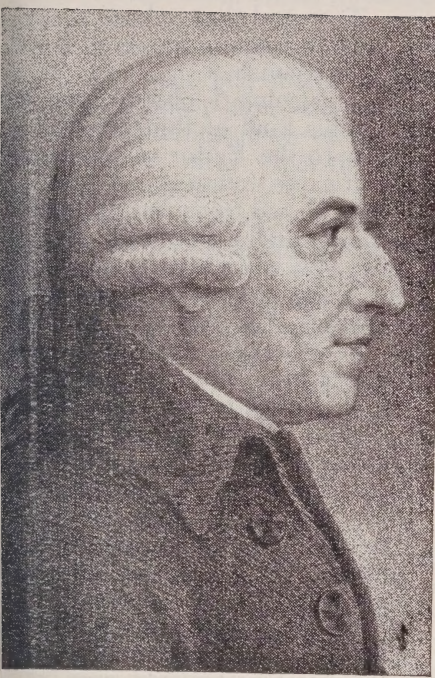


The Citizen and the Correctional System

*An address delivered at the Annual meeting of The John Howard Society of Ottawa March 25th, 1958. by A.J. MacLeod
Director, Remission Service, Department of Justice.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. MacLeod has been promoted to the new Board of Commissioners, which group will be responsible for the planning of the new programme of Penal Reforms being instituted by the Federal Government. The Italics used in this text are the Editor's, not Mr. MacLeod's.*

John Howard 1726-1790.



It occurred to me that I might mention a few thoughts that I have had concerning the citizen in relation to the question of punishment generally, the citizen in relation to penal institutions in Canada and, finally, the citizen in relation to the parole system.

Since the dawn of history mankind has searched for a remedy by which to deal with the individual who fails to live by the laws of man. Punishment is the earliest—and for centuries it is the only—remedy that our ancestors had. If the way of transgressors is said to be hard, society's answer is that it should be made even harder. It accounts for the quite dreadful punishments of punishment that we can find in the old testament for those who have transgressed the law. It accounts for

the fact that, as late as two centuries past, criminals were hanged, drawn, quartered, disemboweled, branded, pilloried, ducked—and in a multitude of mischievous ways were tortured, mutilated and shamed. The philosophy was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This quotation was the justification for the view that the punishment must fit the crime even though, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has pointed out, it is not an exhortation that you should exact an equivalent punishment but rather that if somebody knocked your tooth out, morality required that you do no more than knock out one of his. It is a restraint on the passions of mankind—and no Christian law says that you must exact an equivalent penalty.

The harsh approach to the reformation of the criminal is still espoused in North America and, indeed, it is not very many years since the head of a large police force in the United States of America had this to say to a convention of American citizens:

"I warn you to stay unswerving to your task—that of standing by the man on the firing line—the practical, hard-headed, experienced honest policemen who have shown by their efforts that they, and they alone, know the answer to the crime problem. That answer can be summed up in one sentence—adequate detection, swift apprehension, and certain, unrelenting punishment. That is what the criminal fears. That is what he understands, and nothing else, and that fear is the only thing which will force him into the ranks of the law-abiding. There is no royal road to law enforcement. If we wait upon the medical quacks, the parole panders, and the misguided sympathizers with habitual criminals to protect our lives and property from the criminal horde, then we must also resign ourselves to increasing violence, robbery and sudden death."

Within the past half century another view has been developing on this continent. This view is that imprisonment and punishment are not the proper methods of dealing with criminals. It is said that we must treat them physically as sick people, and that it is no more reasonable to punish these individuals for behavior over which they have no control than it is to punish an individual for breathing through his mouth because of enlarged adenoids. It is said that the guard and the jailer must be replaced by the nurse, and the judge by the psychiatrist, whose sole

attempt will be to treat and cure individual instead of merely to punish him. Then and then only, it is said, we hope to lessen crime even if not entirely to abolish it.

This morning I observed an example of this kind of thinking in a letter written to the Editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, as follows:

"Yes, I too consider criminality a sickness, and a real one. A sickness caused by irritating agents, acting on the brain tissues, such as alcoholic beverages. Chief of all brain irritants as a causative factor, I consider meat-eating. This may sound irrational and far-fetched, but is rational. Biological analysis reveals that in the animal species of the herbivora kind, there are no fights, quarrels or destruction. Only the meat-eating animals are fighting all the time and seeking to destroy, for the sheer pleasure of destroying."

When we hear about a 'pack' of juvenile delinquents having ganged up on a poor defenseless old man or crippled woman, pouncing on him or her recklessly, what does that picture bring to our minds? A pack of wolves or a herd of sheep or goats? What am I asking in all kindness? Let us be wise and go out and destroy crime itself, not the ones who commit it. I am certain crime will be eradicated when our penal institutions become strictly vegetarian, forbidding meats of all kinds to those who are sent there for reformation. And I am also definitely convinced that the only way to outlaw meat-eating we will be at the beginning of the end of all crime. Only flesh-eating animals destroy; vegetarians never."

This is, I think, an extreme example of the curative approach to the problem

the criminal. None the less one must give this correspondent credit for thinking about the problem and for taking the time to write to his editor with a solution, although one might wonder whether his primary interest is not perhaps more the propagation of the cult of vegetarianism rather than the reformation of offenders.

What are the grounds on which we, as citizens, justify the punishments that are authorized by our criminal law? There are at least three points of view. I suggest that you might recall a recent occasion when you read, in your newspaper, a report concerning the commission of a particularly provocative criminal offense and recall which one of the three points of view you took in your immediate reaction to the press report. I will say that punishment is justified as a deterrent to those who, if not deterred, might be moved to commit a similar or some other offense. How often have we said, or heard others say: "They should make an example of that fellow!" Others say that punishment is justified as a means of reformation, a goal that it accomplishes by creating a fear of repetition of the punishment, so that the offender will avoid that kind of conduct in the future. Have we not read, or hear others say: "They should teach that fellow a lesson!" Finally, it is justified by some on the ground that it is a just and a proper retribution for the offender's conduct. Do we not say, or hear others say: "I hope that fellow gets what he deserves!" If we could look into the mind of the average Canadian we would probably find that each of these reasons for punishment has some appeal. Where a person commits an offense we think it is proper that he should be brought to account and "made to pay for it."

We also think that he should be made an example of, so that others will see that crime does not pay. And, probably, in each of us there is a small voice, of which we are sometimes ashamed, that says: "He has sinned and he must suffer — for it would be wrong that he should go unpunished."

For any or all of these three reasons, then, we in Canada believe that crime must be followed by punishment. But I do not think that we favour cruel or unusual punishments, nor punishments that are calculated to prevent or to seriously impede the reformation of the offender. *Because I do believe that there is a growing awareness among our citizens that punishment alone will not solve the problem of crime and the criminal, but rather that we must try to reform him, to change his thinking pattern, to give new direction to his ambition, and to give him a reasonable chance to fulfil his lawful ambitions.*

Let us look for a moment at this problem of "reform" or "correction" of the offender, especially as it relates to inmates of our penitentiaries. We have in our Canadian penitentiaries something just over 5,000 inmates. Remarkably enough, this is only one thousand more than the penitentiary population twenty-five years ago. I do not think that this indicates that the number of offenders has not increased substantially during that quarter-century. During that period many of the provinces have improved their prison systems and many who are first offenders today are sentenced, in the first instance, to provincial institutions. Another factor, of course, in keeping penitentiary population relatively low has been the adoption of probation systems in many of the provinces.

A glance at the newspaper on any

day indicates an increasing number of inmates are going to penitentiary under longer sentences. This is certainly no criticism by me of the courts that impose those sentences. Society must be protected against the armed robber, the habitual sex offender, the drug addict and the man who is prepared to murder for gain. But let us look for just a moment at what seems to be happening in Canada even where murder is concerned—and you will recall that murder is the only offence that, for all practical purposes, is punishable by death in Canada.

The number of persons charged with murder in any year in Canada remains relatively constant — between 55 and 75.

In 1957, 11 were convicted of murder and 3 were executed. This was the smallest number of executions of persons convicted in any year in Canada since 1906. This was a period in which our population at least doubled.

In 1956, there were 5 executions and in 1955 there were 6 executions. These were the fewest number of executions of persons convicted of murder in any year since 1906, with the exception of the year 1939.

In 1957, the figure of 11 persons convicted of murder was the lowest in any year since 1911, except for the year 1926 and the war years of 1941 to 1943. In the case of the 18 convictions in 1955 and 1956, again it is necessary to go back to the war years before a lower number of convictions can be found in any year.

But perhaps the most striking statistics that we have are those that show the number of verdicts of guilty of manslaughter that were returned by juries in Canada during the years 1954 to 1957 where the accused was

charged with murder. During those four years 253 persons were brought to trial for murder and of that number 124, 49 per cent, were found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to imprisonment rather than to death, as would have been the case if they had been found guilty on the murder charge.

The point is this: Where a person is charged with murder the jury must find him guilty of that offence (which case he is sentenced to death), find him guilty of manslaughter (which case he is sentenced to imprisonment, usually for a long term), or must find him not guilty (in which case he goes free). Where the rate of murder prosecutions remains constant and where the rate of manslaughter verdicts is high and where the rate of executions is low, the result is a continued increase in the number of inmates serving long penitentiary sentences.

Of the 5,000 penitentiary inmates all of whom are serving sentences of two years or more, only twenty per cent are first offenders—that is to say, persons who have never previously been convicted of any criminal offence. Over seven hundred are serving sentences of ten years or more. Over one hundred and fifty are serving life sentences. Fifty are serving indeterminate sentences (the same as a life sentence) habitual criminals. Twenty are serving the same kind of sentence as criminal sexual psychopaths. Almost one half of the penitentiary population have served at least one previous penitentiary term.

Our penitentiary population seems therefore, to be made up largely of career criminals and of persons serving extremely long sentences. These are men who will have the most difficulty in adjusting to normal life in society.

they are prison-wise and, in many cases prison-embittered. No matter how highly developed may be our program of treatment and training in the institutions, and no matter how specialized may be our parole procedures, this group constitutes barren ground indeed upon which to hope to produce a large field of reformed individuals. He would be rash indeed who would, with confidence, predict that a high percentage of these men will easily be absorbed into the normal life of society.

What can be done, then, for the career criminal? I think the best way to tell you of the hopes that we have is to describe what has happened in the case of six men who, since 1949, have been sentenced to indeterminate imprisonment as habitual criminals.

Our habitual criminal law, which came into force about ten years ago, authorizes a court to impose a sentence of indeterminate duration (that is, in effect, a sentence for life) upon a person who is convicted of an indictable offence and it is established that previously, since reaching the age of fifteen years he had been convicted of one or more serious offences. During the ten years 55 men have received this type of sentence. They are to be confined in the institution for all of their lives unless they are released on parole. Parole has been granted to six habitual criminals within the past three years. One of the men was in his thirties, four were in their forties and one in his fifties, but all had long records of previous convictions. Three had been drug addicts and two others, who were not addicts themselves, had been convicted of offences under the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act. At the time when release on parole was authorized they had served between six and nine

years' imprisonment.

Five of these men have done well and continue to do well. Of course in each case there was a long period of intensive planning for parole in which employment was arranged, arrangements were made for living accommodations for the inmates and a great deal of counselling was done in order to bring these men to the realization of the problems that they would face on the outside and to help them face up to their problems as and when they arose. All of the men were released on parole under the supervision of a professional case-worker of an after-care agency such as the John Howard Society.

One of these six inmates has had his parole revoked and he has been returned to the penitentiary to continue serving his indeterminate sentence. He did not revert to any form of criminal activity, nor to the use of drugs to which he had previously been addicted. However, a little more than a year after his release he began to behave irresponsibly in so far as the use of alcohol was concerned and this culminated in a number of incidents that indicated that there was some risk that he might shortly return to his previous pattern of criminal behavior—and this made it necessary to revoke his parole.

Where a person has served a long period of time in a penitentiary, the problem of making the transition from close confinement to relative freedom in society always creates difficulties for the inmate.

The inmates of our penitentiaries can, if they have the desire and the aptitude, develop new skills and improve their education. They are able to attend religious services and participate

in organized sport. They can work at hobbycraft. But despite these advantages there is, in any penal institution in Canada, a kind of dreadful soul-killing monotony in the daily routine. The inmate's life is completely regimented. He gets up every morning at the same time because he has to, eats a breakfast that is not of his own choosing and works at a job that is usually not to his liking. His social contacts are limited to his fellow inmates and prison officers. He spends long hours in his cell.

Let us assume that, even in this setting, the treatment programme that has been arranged for him has had beneficial effect and that there is a good chance that he can return to live a law-abiding life in society. The prison experience is bound to have left its mark upon him, and this is especially so where the period of confinement has been 8, 10, 12, or 15 years. By this time he has forgotten most of the social graces that he ever knew. To him the simple operation of buying a package of cigarettes or ordering a cup of coffee in a restaurant is fraught with difficulty. He is highly conscious of his table manners—or rather the lack of them. He has forgotten how to go about buying his own clothing. He is nervous about meeting strangers.

It is to assist the long-term inmate in making this difficult adjustment from close confinement in the institution to relative freedom in society that the Department of Justice has, during the past year, been developing a system of gradual release for inmates serving long sentences. Under this programme, which has been followed in about a dozen cases, the Department of Justice authorizes the inmate to be absent from the institution during certain periods

of the daytime and early evening for the purpose of enabling him to become accustomed, on a gradual basis, to life on the outside. In most cases the inmate has at all times been accompanied by a penitentiary officer or a representative of an after-care agency such as the John Howard Society. On these occasions the inmate goes shopping, visits the employment office, attends sports events, goes to the movies, attends church and visits the homes of persons in the community who have an interest in him and wish to receive him. In two instances the inmates accepted employment with business men who had a sympathetic interest and the Warden of one institution has said that it was a remarkable sight to see one inmate in particular, who was serving what was in effect a life sentence as an habitual criminal, leave with a lunch pail and arrive again at the prison gates at the end of his days' work.

We think that this programme could have highly beneficial effects for the inmates who can be given the benefit of it. We cannot hope that, in the near future, the programme can be developed on any large scale because each case requires a great deal of planning by the authorities concerned, especially the prison officers, and the cooperation of interested persons in society. However, the programme has been well received by the authorities and by the public generally wherever it has been tried and this, I think, is but another indication of the public's acceptance of a reformatory and treatment approach to the criminal rather than an approach that is purely punitive.

The greatest challenge to our correctional system today lies not so much in reclaiming the first offender—because his reform is not too difficult

ask— but rather it lies in the reclamation of the chronic philanderer with the long criminal record.

I want to say at this point what fine work is being done in meeting this challenge by the John Howard Society in Canada. The Society is represented in every Province of Canada. On the one hand it provides an opportunity for the citizen to interest himself, in a practical way, in the problem of the reformation of the offender and the Societies, through their highly skilled, professional workers in the after-care field, are making a significant contribution to the development of the Canadian correctional system. The Remission Service of the Department of Justice is very proud to be associated with them in this work. I think that the John Howard Society deserves a fine tribute—and I suggest that this tribute be paid by the citizen if, first of all, he respects the aims and purposes of the Society; secondly, if, as far as he may do, he assists the Society financially; and thirdly, if he is happy with the Society in their successes and sympathizes with them in their failures. It is regretful, but true, that no labourer in the after-care vineyard can ever hope to be one hundred per cent successful in his endeavours, and the sympathetic understanding of the public when success is replaced by defeat goes a long way to help soften the blow.

To sum up, then, what can we conclude is the best attitude for us, as citizens, to adopt toward the correctional system generally and, in particular, toward those persons who, under that

system have suffered imprisonment? I think that all of us would want our system of criminal justice to be stern—but not savage. I think that all of us would want the system to recognize that there is some inherent good in every man and therefore every man should be offered the hope of acceptance by a society that he has rejected and which, in its turn, has for a time rejected him. And finally, I think that we, as citizens, should be alert not to impede, by our attitudes, any conscientious effort toward reform and rehabilitation by the offender. In our ordinary, daily activities I think that there is a good deal that we can do to relieve the apprehensions and fears of the offender—apprehensions and fears that are expressed in this letter that a former inmate of a prison wrote after his release:

"We are the anonymous ones who move amongst you with wary eyes. We are among you but not of you; constantly on guard, lest by an incautious word or gesture, we may betray ourselves to you, and thereby lose our anonymity—and your respect. You may find us in your factories, in your garages, and your farms, and, sometimes in your offices and places of business. We live next door, work at the next lathe, sit next to you in the movies. In short—we are your neighbours. Yet we are a group of men set apart, divided by our experiences from those around us. We are the parolees from your prisons; still doing time. Although we walk the streets to all outward appearances free men, we wear invisible numbers."



(EDITOR'S NOTE: We received a letter in the mail this month and looking through our files we came up with an article that we feel is an appropriate answer to this letter.)

Hamilton, Ontario.

April 31, 1959

Dear Sirs:

I received my first copy of the C.B. Diamond today, and I want to congratulate you on the marvelous job you're doing. Especially on your new article—the program to help inmates find employment on their release. It's a terrific idea and I wish you all the luck in the world.

I was glad to see that the Hamilton Spectator published an article on the new program in today's edition. However, there also appeared in today's newspaper an article telling of a judge's decision to refuse an ex-convict a license to drive a cab because he had once been convicted of a gambling offense. This was the man's last chance for a job, he had tried for others, but had not succeeded. I wonder what his thoughts were when he heard this refusal. This is why I wish you luck on your new project. I hope you are able to find work for convicts about to be released and maybe they will realize that Society isn't so bad after all, it just has a lot to learn about rehabilitation, but it is striving towards better rehabilitation programs.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Miss Claire Legault

The Department of Justice has embarked on a new penal programme; the stress will be on rehabilitation rather than just confinement and punishment. The new Board of Commissioners and the Parole Board are evidence that this time it is not just talk, but the department is really going to make some changes.

The rehabilitation of the criminal is not the responsibility of the prison administration alone. It would be foolish to say any system will change 100% of the criminals into honest citizens. A great deal depends upon the individual convict and it must be admitted that not all of them want to reform. However, the majority of the inmates fall into two general categories: those who sincerely desire to make a respectable life for themselves, and those who just do not know what

they want. If you will concede this point I will now argue for that segment of our population who do want a normal life.

I am not going to drag the reality through the perils that face a man immediately after release but I assume the man has been working for six or seven months. He now finds himself in a position to look around for a job he would like and maybe he has a stake; insurance policy matured, an inheritance, or something similar.

He decides he would like to buy a taxicab and try his luck as his own boss. To get a license he must go before the Police Commission in his city but actually he will never get that because as soon as they find out he has a record, his application is thrown out. His record may have consisted of a conviction but what has that got to do with purchasing a hack?

Our man is a little disappointed at his refusal but he still has his money and he is still optimistic. He thinks: "Maybe I can open a little cigar store. What is the procedure for this?" After inquiry at the City Hall he is given another application to fill out and who the group with authority to grant or withhold the business license? The Police Commission, of course. Their answer? No, of course.

Police Commissions all over Canada constantly refuse to give a man with a record a business license. To these commissions a man with a record is a second or third class citizen and is only fit for factory work. The principal of the enterprise is denied the ex-convict. An ex-convict has as great a desire as any of you on the outside to make a good life for himself and his family. He wants the nice house, the car, the T.V. just the same as you. If he is thwarted in his honest attempts to get ahead, he is likely to revert to his former needs. In our social system money talks and he knows it.

He needs a robbery charge, very serious, to refuse to give a man a chance to advance his position in life because he made a mistake before is discrimination, just the same as if you were rejecting him on religious grounds. The ex-con should be given his chance and if it turns out to be a bootlegger, bookmaker, or fence, then revoke the license. You might be surprised how few times it would be necessary to revoke. The police commissions are not alone in this discrimination. The Ontario Liquor Control Board will not even consider a man with a criminal record for a liquor license. This must be a leftover from the prohibition smuggling era.

But let's get back to our man looking for a business to invest in. By now he understands he will not be able to

get a license so he buys a paper and turns to the help wanted section. Right away his eye is caught by a six inch advertisement that he has all the qualification for. A civil service job, too! That promises security anyway.

But would they hire an ex-con? He reasons with himself. The government spent thousands of dollars trying to rehabilitate me so they must believe I have some good in me. Sure, they'll give me a chance to prove myself, at least." So he goes down to the address given and applies for the job.

Does he get it? Not likely. The government agencies have a very hard and fast rule about men with records. They don't hire them if they know about the record, however, they do not fingerprint their employees, so our man could sneak in with an alias and they would probably never find out about it.

I don't know the answer to this problem. Maybe a re-education of the authorities is necessary. Do people outside still think of convicts as mad killer types; slaving beasts waiting to pounce on a victim?

Before we came here we lived in your neighbourhood, maybe even next door. Did you notice any difference in us then? More than likely you were shocked to hear, "That nice young Jones boy was arrested."

The task of rehabilitating a criminal begins in prison but it does not end there. Good intentions must be given a chance to develop into good actions or they will be cast aside. We, the prisoners of the nation, are not asking help. All we want is that you do not knock us down every time we try to get up to your level. We have dreams and ambitions the same as you and maybe, if you were frustrated in your honest attempts to gain social or financial status, you too would try other methods.

Asking Around

(Ed. Note) Each month we will ask a question of the inmates, selected at random. Some of the questions and answers may be facetious but we hope that most provoke a little thought.

QUESTION:—"How did you feel about the scrapping of the Avro Arrow fighter?"

Answer:—

Russel Hope—I think it would have been the best operational fighter in existence and the fact it was an all Canadian effort made me feel good.

Ron S.—I couldn't care less one way or the other.

Don W.—They knew about these missiles and so on for quite a while, but when the idea was good when it was conceived, the plane was obsolete by the time it was flying. It was probably a very good aircraft but it was just not capable of doing the future job. The programme should have been cancelled years earlier.

Don Stringer—I thought it was a bad decision. I was very proud, as a Canadian, of the accomplishment of the Avro engineers and technicians. I thought that the plane if fitted with the Iroquois engine, would have set a world speed record. I would have liked to have seen the R.C.A.F. equipped with the Arrow.

Ed C.—The scrapping of the Arrow is not the main issue. The Arrow is only part of a defense against an aggressor nation. Only a fool or a traitor wants to involve his country in other peoples' wars; only the same fool traitor wants to leave us open to the swishing death from the sky. I want the best defense, no matter from what source it comes. The men who decided to scrap the Arrow and buy the Bomarc from the U.S. are not fools. "I hope."

Ed. Note—(The general consensus of the inmates' opinion was that they were proud of the Arrow as a Canadian accomplishment. The tide of national runs strong in Canadian prisons!)

SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

The Committee has undergone another personnel change this month with Norm Powers replacing Jim McGregor. McGregor felt the job was too demanding so he retired to his old job in the kitchen. Powers should be a good man for the job and I am sure he will do his best for us.

This month saw the completion of the building to house our refreshment booth and sports equipment. The construction of this booth was noted every day, by every inmate, and for awhile it was the topic of most discussions around here. It has finally opened for business with the three Committee-men doing the soda-k chores.

A freezer was loaned to us by the firm we purchase our ice-cream from, but the soft-drink machines had to be bought. Owing to an administration ruling we could not purchase bottled drinks and we had to buy the type of machine that mixes and refrigerates the drinks for dispensing in paper cups. The two machines, one for each flavour, cost \$511.00 and this almost depleted our Welfare Fund.

The inmates are allowed to purchase pop and ice-cream tickets from their prison wages at .05 each. The outside reader should not get the impression that they are able to gorge themselves on these luxuries. An inmate on Grade I (about 70%) earns \$0.90 every two weeks, from which he must buy his tobacco (23¢ package), toothpaste (24¢), hair tonic (43¢), extra razor blades, soap (\$0.12), and any jam or chocolate bars he can afford. If the inmate smokes 3 packages of tobacco and 2 packages of cigarette papers every two weeks (total 77¢) he is in danger of making himself sick on ice-cream and pop.

The inmate on Grade II (about 30%) earns \$1.40 every two weeks so he can afford some of the extras. The tycoons on Grade III (20%) earn \$1.80 for a two week period and they can live in comparative luxury. However, an inmate usually reaches this plateau just before his release, so he won't develop the habit of luxury living!

Another item purchased by the Committee was a Polaroid-Land camera for taking pictures within the institution. Pictures of sports events, teams and groups of individuals are photographed and purchased by inmates. These pictures may be sent out to friends and relatives, who may have forgotten what the inmate looks like. There is very little profit made on the camera and what there is goes to the Welfare Fund.

The sports seem to be going well but there is a shortage of ball equipment. Baseballs are at a premium and it is difficult to warm up to your pitcher when you have no ball. The Committee is trying to solve this problem but in the meantime there is much frustration for the ball players. Bats are being broken at a rather furious pace and it looks as if a shortage could develop here too.

Baseball is our major entertainment in here, so I hope the Committee can straighten this out soon.



The Barred Bards



God's Christian Soldiers

Have you heard of Brigadier Mercer
And his service at Collin's Bay,
For the joy he brings to the inmate's hearts,
Their cares he drives away.

He belongs to the Salvation Army;
God's Soldiers of the land,
And they are here upon this earth
To save all the souls they can.

Now he is getting up in years,
His hair is thin and gray;
He spoke of his retirement
At our Bible Class one day.

This aging man, he's so sincere
In his love for God and man,
That he comes here to save our souls
And to help us all he can.

We are going to miss him
When he leaves on that day;
The women and men at Kingston pen
And the men at Collin's Bay.

God bless Brigadier Mercer
The leader of our band,
For the gospel and the hymns he sings
May his name forever stand.

This army is well known
By every colour and creed,
For they're God's Christian soldeirs;
They help everyone in need.

Although we are here in prison,
He has brightened up our days,
Through his Bible Class on Sundays
Our soul for God he's saved.

M. A. Gilson

PRAY DONT FIND FAULT

Anonymous

Pray don't find fault with man who limps
Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
Or struggled beneath his load.
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
Though hidden away from view,
Or the burden he bears, placed on your back,
Might cause you to stumble, too.
Don't sneer at the man who's down today,
Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall, or felt his shame,
That only the fallen know.
You may be strong, but still,, the blows
That were his, if dealt to you
In the self same way and the self same time,
Might cause you to stagger, too.
Don't be too harsh with the man who sins,
Doubly sure, that you have no sins of your own.
For you know perhaps, that if the tempter's voice
Should whisper as boldly to you
As it did to him, when he went astray,
It would cause you to falter, too.



BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

The big city was hot! Not the kind of heat produced by old sol, but the type that can make the illegally employed sweat. A number of scores had been made recently and the local gendarmes were having a clean-up party.

It was the middle of the afternoon and I was lounging around my apartment, sipping back a few cool drinks and contemplating the situation, when the buzz of the telephone broke the silence. I picked up the phone and it barely touched my ear when a familiar voice spoke, "Vince? This is Pete. The heat's on . . . we're leaving town . . . 'bout a week. Pick you up in twenty minutes." (click)

I hung up the phone and went directly into the bedroom, threw some things into my gladstone, and headed for the lobby to wait for Pete and Eddy. The three of us had been working together for some time now and had undoubtedly brought on our share of the heat. Pete is one of the top safe crackers in the country, an artist at his trade, and Eddy and I were for the strong-arm and lookout jobs.

I saw Pete's big Oldsmobile pull up in front of the building and Pete gave the horn an imperious honk. I jumped in the back and asked, "Where to?"

"Malibu. About sixty miles from here," replied Eddy, who was up front with Pete. "It should quiet down here in about a week and until then we can catch up on some loafing without being bothered by some flat-foot."

We had been on the road just under an hour and a half when we passed a sign reading: "Welcome to Malibu. Population 10,522." Up ahead, on the right was a motel and as Pete began

braking the Olds he asked, "How about this joint? O.K. with you guys?"

"Good enough for me," replied Eddy and Pete wheeled the car up to the motel office.

When we were booked in and settled I opened my bag and took out the bottles of V.O. I had packed along with some other necessities. Eddy had been hungry and had taken the car to run into town for sandwiches and coffee. Pete and I relaxed with the V.O. and the T.V. By the time Eddie came back about an hour later, we were really relaxed.

"Hey!" cried Eddie as he came through the door loaded with his packages, "This town ain't so hoosier after all. Should be good for a score."

"Nothin' doin'," drawled Pete, "I've got some fishin' tackle and three rods in the trunk of the car so let's make use of them."

Eddie shrugged and sat down with us to eat the sandwiches but the coffee was forgotten in lieu of the whiskey. The evening progressed, the T.V. programmes were bad, and the level of V.O. dropped lower and lower. Eventually now and then Eddie would tell us about a good score he had seen while driving around town. It became obvious to Pete and I that we would have to let him out or he would harp about it forever.

On his tour of the town earlier in the evening Eddie had passed a knitting mill and being impressed by the scale of the establishment, he figured it was the town's main industry.

"It's a pretty big spot and I bet the box can be opened with a can opener," he pleaded.

I glanced over at Pete and re-

ized the sparkle in his eyes as he sat back, taking in every word Eddie spoke. Eddie, also noting Pete's interest, pressed his case even harder.

"All right. I'm sold," said Pete "Tomorrow we'll look into the set-up and if it looks good we'll take the joint. We may as well make a buck to cover expenses."

The following morning we drove into town for breakfast and picked the leanest looking eatery we could find. While we were eating Pete gave us the plan of action for the day.

"Eddie, you're elected to check out the local police," he directed. "Find out how many on each shift, how many cars, and the patrol routine. Vince and I will pick up information about the mill itself. Okay? Come back here and wait till we show or, if we're first back, we'll wait."

After parting company with Eddie, Pete and I drove over to the mill, parked the car in the lot, and then decided on our method of eliciting the information we needed. We decided to go in separately and apply for jobs and to attempt to wander around inside if we could, avoiding suspicion, of course. We waited about ten minutes after Pete went in before I followed.

I went through all the formalities of applying for a job; filling applications and an interview with the personnel manager. I've done this so often I know the questions before they ask them. I picked up some bad news in this interview because I was informed that the firm paid every two weeks (my part raced here), by cheque. (I think the personnel manager saw my chest cave in at this last.)

I left the personnel office feeling rather low but I thought I may as well go through the motions of casing the joint as long as I was there. I saw an

open door down the hall with a soft-drink machine beside it. so I walked down and inserted a coin in the machine. I took out my drink, looked in the door, and there it was! In the far corner of this office stood a nice big safe, about twenty years old. Pete would sneer when he heard about it because he preferred a box that presented a challenge to him.

Pete was waiting for me when I got back to the car, grinning like a Cheshire cat with ten mice in its belly. After leaving the office he had strolled into the cafeteria, where a couple of shippers were taking their coffee break. Pretending to be starting to work for the firm shortly, he nonchalantly cut into their conversation with questions about the company. The shippers were a gold mine of information and Pete soon had all the data he needed. Among the benefits provided was a worker's Credit Union and it figured to have around five G's on hand at this time of year, with vacations coming up.

When we arrived back at the restaurant Eddie was already waiting. Over a coffee in a rear booth we exchanged information. Pete laid our story on Eddie and he was real pleased to hear about the Credit Union.

"You see!" cried Eddie. "I knew it was a good score. Man, we got this one made already!"

"Not so fast," Pete interjected. "Did you get the police routine?"

"Like I said, we got it made." Eddie replied. "I ran into a couple of guys who are having an argument about the police force. One is an alderman or something and the other guy owns a business and the businessman is really telling the other guy off. Seems he had something stolen. Imagine that!"

"Anyway, the alderman tells him that the town can only afford two pat-

rol cars at night and one of them is always at the station. The police are *supposed* to check every business establishment once an hour *after* nine o'clock. The businessman had some doubts about this though. With this guy raising hell like this, there may be a shake up in the police force so if we are going to grab this spot we should make it fast."

"Why not tonight?" asked Pete.

"Right," I agreed. "Let's go to the hardware and pick some tools."

"Probably only need a screw driver," sneered Pete.

Later, back at the motel, we decided to check out about 7 o'clock, pull the score early and head for a resort area about thirty-five miles away. We packed up our belongings and took them out to the car, placing them in the trunk beside the unused fishing tackle. Then, off to work!

Driving past the knitting mill we found it deserted except for a light in one ground floor window. Pete led the way to the window while Eddie and I carried the few tools we would need. Through the glass we could see an old man, apparently the watchman, sound asleep with his head in a book.

"He shouldn't even hear us from this part of the building," said Pete. "Let's make the entry."

We went around to the right side of the building, where we were protected from the view of anyone passing by, quietly forced a window, and went in. Pete and I entered but Eddie was to stand point so he went back around the building to watch the watchman and, of course, for the police.

Everything went without the slightest hitch and within fifteen minutes we were back in the car and on our way. I drove while Pete and Eddie sat in the back seat and counted the

loot. In a few minutes I was on the main highway heading out of town and from the rear I could hear Eddie chugging to himself and making fun of the local hicks and hoosier cops.

"These small towns are always cinch," chimed Eddie, quite proud of himself because the score had been his idea. "There must be about eight here," he went on, "stick with me and I'll make you guys millionaires!"

I went off into the land of fantasy and wishful thinking, dreaming about a hundred G score, the kind of loot that would last a long time and buy a lot of things. All of a sudden my dreams were shattered by the sickening scream of a siren.

A million thoughts raced through my mind and, while I knew nothing had gone wrong and we hadn't been seen, the score, I instantly tramped on the accelerator. Too late! The cruiser was already along side of us and forcing us to the side of the road and I was staring down the muzzle of a .38 special, which looked more like a camera from that point of view.

At the time I hadn't realized what the police were after us, but while I had been daydreaming I had forgotten about the speed we were travelling and had been driving as fast as I had been mentally spending the money, letting the car creep up to seventy miles an hour. With the loot scattered all over the back seat and the tools on the floor, what more would they need; we were finished.

Fifty feet beyond us was a large sign board erected by the town's safety council. There was a larger than life picture of a cop with his hand up and the words: "Speed Kills!"

It sure does. Everything inside me just died.

Sports at The Bay

NATIONAL LEAGUE:

by 5086

Here we are, finally, with another column. I never thought that I would be snared to do this article, and my efforts to escape have been mighty, but meaningless! There have been so many changes in all regards that it would take an electronic computer to figure all out.

There have been at least five manager changes, and the poor ordinary player has been changed so many times he is going colour blind, and has to be told before every ball game which team he is playing for.

Danyluk has been on every team but me and Big Harry J. has been moving around like Citation doing the mile. Mark, who just came from the hard luck and wild Rocky, was heard to comment, "it is much easier to pitch here as those high fly balls are caught instead of going into the drink." In Detroit, Chin, the field is large enough for you to play on, lots of room. George Weston just arrived and I could hear George's sigh of relief over here. *Watch that ticker man, you're not catching any chicken!*

Well, in the last issue, we had the team rosters and a couple of exhibition games in. I don't know what the trouble is, but if we don't soon go to press, I will be writing on soccer.

After a wild start and many changes, we are over halfway in the schedule and so far A. Lowry has his Cubs catching very nice ball. They have 11

wins and 4 losses and are sure to wind up on the top of the league. To pick out any one outstanding player on this team would be very hard because they are all tops. Beechner in C.F. is so small he can't wear a glove yet he goes after all fly balls like he owned them, and his exact opposite, in L.F., G. Bedard is the heaviest hitter of this institution and his fielding, although at first a little on the rough side, has now improved.

On the mound for this team, is ole T. Lucik, who has just pitched a double header and WON both games! His steady pitching and all around ball sense has helped this team out considerably. Judge and Olsen are about the best double play combination around here, and are improving with every game. Fraser on third is a very steady ball player and Simmonds the catcher, although new to the position, is showing that he cannot be taken for granted by the opposition. Art is on first base and does a bang up job.

The Dodgers, who are in second place, with 7 wins and 1 tie, are managed by John Weir who also plays first base for his team. On short stop they have an old pro, Ike Hickman, and two very good players in Rocky LaForge and Weston. Dumas and Morgan share the pitching honours and do a pretty good job. This team had a chance to go into first place, but lost a couple of big games to the Cubs, and it seemed to slow them down. Here's hoping they get back on the right track.

Now for a team that would make any body have nightmares! The Pirates. This team has plenty of everything necessary. Two good pitchers, Clark and Dade. Three of the best fielders in the place, Stewart, Armour and Lonsdale. Infielders Red Raeburn, Delaney, Crosby, Dunbar and LaRue. But do they win? No! Through just plain lack of hustle, this team has lost 6 games that would have put them on top. However, at this writing, and under the very capable hands of J. Smith, they are at last starting to play good ball, as all who know, know that they are capable of lambasting the daylights out of the other teams. Could be all they needed was a good manager, and they have one of the best in "Papa Joe."

Marve H. has the last place tear but from the way he has them jumpin around, the others had better look to their laurels, or they will find themselves on the outside looking in. Mar is watching every bus over here around when George P. stepped down, Mar handed him a sweater.

He also brought up some players from the American league, and they have really helped his club. Sabot is on third, Burchell in S.S. and Gerlami plays R.F. Those three look like they should have been up here all the time.

The three all stars for May and June are Beechner of the Cubs, LaForge of the Dodgers and Olsen of the Cubs.



NATIONAL LEAGUE

	PLYD.	WON
CUBS	19	13
PIRATES	21	9
DODGERS	19	8
BRAVES	19	8
LOST	TIED	PTS.
6	0	26
11	1	19
10	1	17
11	0	16

TOP TEN BATTERS

Marve H.	.4
Olsen	.4
Beechner	.3
Weir	.3
Jallep	.3
Raeburn	.3
Latondress	.3
Laforge	.3
Stewart	.3
Bedard	.3



AMERICAN LEAGUE

The proper setting for this league would be Brooklyn: Never have I seen such rivalry between teams as there is here. This league is supposedly the minor league of the institution but what the players lack in polish, they make up for by their hustle at all times.

Be 10 runs behind in a game is no great handicap, indeed, it is looked upon as an ordinary state of affairs. The rough jockeying is something right out of a Damon Runyon story and no play is missed in the shuffling. At the slightest sign of rabbit ears the player gets just as well move on to some other sport. Table tennis?

For sheer enjoyment, you cannot beat an afternoon spent watching a double-header in this league. (That is, you can't leave here!)

The teams are pretty well balanced and when we see the moves made by various managers, it makes us wonder if old Casey has published a handbook on the correct way to manage. Curlette, manager of the league-leader, the Yanks, has been bugging Commissioner Wilcox to see if there is any possible way to get players' dug-outs they have in the outside Major leagues. He wants to stand on the steps like Stengel when he makes with the platoon system.

Palmer, manager of the second place Red Sox, is out to tear the league apart by himself. His fielding and hitting have made him an outstanding player in this league and we wish him success as a manager.

Hardy has taken the reins of the Tigers and promises to drive the team to the top of the league. Thought we

saw him buying a whip, so watch it Tigers!

Moe Moreland is managing the Indians and he can be seen and heard telling anyone within earshot that with just a couple of more players they'll tear this league apart.

In the past it has been the practice to write up some of the games but owing to a delay in going to press and the confusion of our Editor's desk we could never keep up and would be at least a month behind the league schedule. Therefore, this column will just deal with the league in general and some of the individuals.

One of the outstanding players in the league is Pretula of the Red Sox. His big bat and steady play thus far have a lot to do with the Sox being in second place. Cormier is also quite a ball player and an asset to the team. Big Red Dunlop is the moundsman for this ball club and he casts such a big shadow that Campbell, who plays short stop, thinks the sun never shines. Nicholas, an over .500 hitter, has been traded to the Tiger's and he should be a real help as he is also a good man behind the plate. His replacement on the Sox is Humphrey and he is also doing a fine job as receiver.

Irwin pitches for the Yanks and he is so fearless he thinks nothing of walking 10 men in a game. Robinson, also a Yank, keeps asking team-mate Novak how he holds his bat. The answer he gets is, "Open your eyes and you will see the ball. You can't hit what you can't see!"

Cox, of the Indians, is finally coming into his own and since field day he has

shown he will be a great help to the Injuns. Bentley has left the Tigers to try his luck as manager in the Major League and everyone down here wishes him lots of luck. You need it up there!

The two men I left till the last are Paquin and Woodcock. Paquin is the scorekeeper for the Majors and as if this is not enough of a headache in itself, he also plays first base for the Tigers. He is very serious about ball and handles both jobs with skill. Woodcock is also to be commended for his handling of the difficult job of keeping score for the American League.

Just a note for Eddie B.: Beware of Greeks bearing false gifts—Never sit at the corner of the mile track on Field Day.

LATE NOTES:

National League: We saw two no-hitters in this league, one by Tom Lucik and the other by Marve H. Tom humiliated the Braves and his teammates Judge and Beechner, provided the power at the plate. Lucik went into retirement shortly after pitching this

gem, so I guess he wants to stay at home of the game.

Marve H., who manages the Braves was still smarting from the ribbing he took over his team's performance against Lucik when he took the mound against the Pirates the following week but he got his revenge and then so did. The final score was 4-1 for the Braves and the Pirates lone tally came when Marve walked the bases full in the third and then proceeded to walk the other two. It is a good thing he is a manager or I am sure he would have been sent to the showers. Congratulations are in order for both pitchers for a fine performance.

American League: We neglected to pick the three stars for this league here they are now. Pretula has to be number one on the strength of his fielding and hitting. Dominick and Nicholas, both of the Tigers, are our choices for the other two stars. Both are utility men and can deliver the clutch when called upon.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

		PLYD.	WON
YANKS		20	13
RED SOX		19	11
TIGERS		20	8
INDIANS		19	5
LOST	TIED	PTS.	
7	0	26	
7	1	23	
10	2	18	
13	1	11	
TOP TEN HITTERS			
Name		Avg.	
Nicholas		.538	
Dominick		.482	
Pretula		.462	

Novak	
Irwin	
Gourley	
Bondy	
Desnoyers	
Palmer	
Henry	
R.B.I. LEADERS	
Name	
Irwin (Yanks)	
Cormier (Red Sox)	
Palmer (Red Sox)	
HOME RUN LEADER	
Cormier	
(5 players with 2)	

R. B.

L STAR GAMES

by:— Jim Fisher

May 17th saw the first Sinner game the year and our All-Stars lost to the Motors of the City League. Jackson, for Ace Motors, pitched a four out while Morgan and Lucik gave up 4 hits to the visitors. Final score: 4-1.

The Sinners looked bad from start to finish with the exception of Charley Crennel, who fielded phenomenally and went 3 for 4 at bat. Ivor Hickman, the team's old stand-by, also played well.

Ace Motors fielded well at all positions. One week later Ace Motors returned and this time they played *with* our boys to the tune of 12-1. Jackson was on the mound again and this time he gave up only two hits. For most of the game it looked as if the Sinners were playing with the ball around. Crennel was playing with a bad hand and was sorely needed. Ivor Hickman spoiled Jackson's shut-out with a beautiful home run and was by far the best man on the field.

It is my opinion that there were a lot of players on the bench that should have been on the field and vice versa. Now for the good news. On June 14th the Sinners played host to the Orchard "Lumbermen" from Peterborough and came out on the front end of a 9-7 win. There were a lot of changes in

the Sinners' line-up and this proved to be the winning factor. Marve H., who should have been playing before, performed well at third base and his bat was a real asset to the team. Clarke, a new addition to our pitching staff, worked a nice steady game and also came through at the plate with a much needed hit. Geo. Bedard smashed an off-the-wall triple to lead off the second inning and chipped in later with a home run. The triple was the longest ball hit this year and it sure sparked the Sinners. Only sharp fielding by the "Lumbermen's" left fielder, plus George's slow feet, kept him from coming right home. Another good play by the "Lumbermen", this time at centre field, turned another long ball by George into an out. Let's see some more of those off-the-wall shots, eh?

Much of the credit for this win belongs to Fraser, who came up to the plate and went 3 for 3 and had 4 r.b.i.'s. Looled good out in right field, too. Little Beechner played a good game also and his hustle turned a single into a double. The kind of sparkling play the fans love.

I would also like to make a plea to anyone who has a pair of eye-glasses they are not using. Send them to the three old men we are forced to call umpires: Wally Haig, "Bubbles" Maxam, and "Moose" Ferry. Off the rib, these guys deserve a lot of credit for putting up with us fans and making the game what it is. Well, see you next time.



Kill The Umpire ?

Umpires, as we all know, are the meanest guys on earth. However, they are necessary, if you want a good game. There are three classes of umpires! Good, bad and Ugh!!! We have all three types here. An umpire can make or break a game. He is supposed to be impartial. He is supposed to be honest. He is supposed to be able to control his temper. HE HAS TO CALL THE PLAY AS HE SEES IT.

There are fellows in here who are good umpires. They have done it on the street. But do you think they will do it here? No! And they can hardly be blamed. For there are complaints galore. Everybody can see except the umpire, who is always blind, or is being paid off or who doesn't know a ball

from a glove. These are the expected complaints. Outside, they would likely be ignored, but not so in here. For there are tensions and passions during a game, that are not easily controlled.

There have been too many beefs and squawks about the umps. Short of that, there will be no one who will want the job. All the good ones will resign, and you will have only the mediocre. You are only damaging yourselves when you knock the umps. They can't please all, and they certainly are not perfect saints. Excessive pressure is being put on them, and when it becomes too much, they quit. Don't blame your mistakes on the umpire. Remember they are only human.

VOLLEY BALL

This sport has been neglected in our magazine and due to lack of space in this issue, I'm afraid it is going to get only a general write-up this time also.

The league was formed early in June and is headed by Commissioner Ackert. Ackert has appointed "Gen" as referee as a replacement for McLaren who, although doing a fine job, thought it would be easier to do his time without all the problems the position brought him. The linesman chores are handled by McDowell and Redcliffe.

The regular league action is over now and the semi-finals are about to begin so it would be impossible to attempt any descriptions of the individual games. A list of the teams and their managers and captains, plus their won-lost record so far follows:

SERVERS

Man. Ferguson

Cap. Bradley

Plyd—45 Won—37 Lost—8

3rd

Man. Smith

Cap. Hartwick

Plyd—45 Won—29 Lost—16

2nd

Man. Johnson

Can. Bluett

Plyd—45 Won—32 Lost—13

4th

Man. Reddick

Cap. Brown

Plyd—45 Won—26 Lost—19

COMETS

JESTERS

NETTERS

(The statistics are from Commissioner Ackert and who are we to question the Commissioner?)

The semi-finals should be more interesting than the league standings suggest as the Comets and Netters, off to a very bad start but in the few weeks they have been coming like I expect the Yankees to do in September.

All in all, the guys have had a lot of entertainment in the Volley Ball league and the officials of the league are to be commended for a fine job

THE VISION GROUP OF A.A. CELEBRATES THEIR EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

The chairman of our institutional A. group invited me, as a representative of the prison magazine, to attend a special meeting; their 8th anniversary.

I must confess a reluctance to attend, but I was won over when Jim, the A.A. chairman, mentioned that food would be served at the meeting. One of the privileges of prison editors is to attend all the banquets they can possibly cash their way into and I would not consider breaking tradition, especially when food is involved. Still, it was with only half-hearted interest that I went to this A.A. meeting.

Like many of my readers, I had no previous personal knowledge of what transpires at an A.A. meeting, but I had been led to believe that there is much crying and wailing, a great deal of listening to someone's troubles (if you are the listening type), or just a general gab-fest to pass the time. I am very pleased to be able to report that this was not so, in fact, I enjoyed myself thoroughly at the meeting.

This anniversary party was such a success and made such an impression on me, that I am going to relate it here in as much detail as space permits. For the reader who is not interested in the methods of A.A. or the reasons for its existence, I suggest that you turn to the next article. For those of you who stay with me, I believe that you will find it interesting.

The meeting was held in our auditorium and the tables were set up in the shape of an "E" with the head table across the top and three tables

running the length of the room. The hall was decorated with A.A. slogans and prayers hung on the walls and by a prominent notice telling of the occasion for this banquet.

Jim S., an inmate, was the chairman of the meeting and it is to him and his inmate committee that the credit for organizing the programme should be awarded. A very capable man and a competent speaker, Jim kept the meeting in order and moving at a lively pace.

The first person called upon to speak was the Deputy Warden, Mr. Smith. (In his official capacity, of course.) Mr. Smith admitted to having been rather skeptical of the A.A. programme in the immediate past, but he credited Padre Swan and the inmates of the group with bringing about a change in his thinking during the past two weeks. When he saw how sincere this group was he took the trouble to look into A.A. a little and he found it was a highly successful and respected movement. I believe he referred to A.A. as the largest psycho-therapeutic organization in the world and mentioned that it has been studied by many prominent psychiatrists. Mr. Smith then ended his short speech by welcoming all the visitors and thanking them for their interest in our inmate group.

Jim S. took the floor and he led the group through the A.A. prayer. He also gave a general outline of the purpose of the banquet and the coming programme.

Ron M., another inmate, made a presentation to Murray D. of an

Honorary Chairman's card. Ron mentioned the work Murray had done in establishing the "Vision" group and then he turned the microphone over to Murray.

Murray stated, during his thank-you speech, that he is a former inmate of this prison and that he had been in on the founding of our local chapter of A.A. He admitted to being skeptical when he first joined A.A., to not believing he was an alcoholic, but now he credits A.A. for his success in staying out of prison.

Murray mentioned that he had been told to go easy with the use of the word "God" when speaking in prisons. After his own experience he knew this was not necessary and he affirmed that a belief in God is necessary for an A.A. member. Murray has been sober and out of prison for over five years now. Nothing succeeds like success and Murray is proof of A.A. effectiveness.

The next speaker to be introduced was Harvey B., a very self-assured and competent speaker who immediately caught the interest of his audience. Harvey had served four sentences at Kingston Penitentiary and the last time he was released he just felt his life was a lost cause. There he was, late middle-aged and nothing to show for all those years. Harvey said that he figured to drink himself to an early death but after seeing some of those who almost did this, he came to the conclusion it was a tough way to go and changed his mind.

Harvey knew that most of his criminal convictions had come about because of heavy drinking but he did not think he could be an alcoholic. He attended the first A.A. meeting out of curiosity and with no thought of joining the group, but he met a man who, like himself, had recently been released

from prison. After talking to this fellow, Harvey became convinced that this new friend needed A.A. and in attempting to convince him, Harvey saw his own problem in a new light. Both men joined A.A. and Harvey stayed even though the other man didn't.

What has A.A. done for Harvey? It has given him some new and sincere friends, satisfaction with life and happiness. A.A. has given Harvey a reason for living and a sense of doing something worthwhile.

Harvey has been out of prison for over 8 years now, another testimony to the success of A.A. He carries the keys where he works now and opens and closes the doors for the inmates. Harvey still works in an institution; he is an attendant in a mental hospital. Harvey helped found an A.A. group at the hospital six years ago and it is through helping the patients to help themselves that he has regained his self respect. Harvey is happy in his work and is not happiness one of the goals we prize so much? .

Harvey B.'s talk ended with some good wishes for the Vision group and a message to us all that "by helping others we are helping ourselves".

The efficacy of talks like this by ex-inmates, such as Murray and Harvey, cannot be doubted. How much better this type of speech is than the unctuous phrases of some professional do-gooder who has not been through life's mill. So many of our social workers have led protected lives and when they come up against some of the more sordid aspects of life, they cannot help their shock. True, they mean well and I will give them an "A" for effort, but it is results that count. Men like Harvey and Murray are the most effective type of speakers for prisons.

They know how we feel and think. The next and last speaker of the day was Ken B., who brought with him the greetings and the best wishes of the Toronto A.A. group. Ken's speech was approximately an hour long and I can do no more than give a general outline of it here. Ken is blind as a result of his drinking but he shows no trace of bitterness and his first words were designed to put his audience at their ease. He said he didn't know if his wife, who accompanied him, had been invited as a seeing-eye dog for him or because we thought he might not make it without someone leading her on him. (In the past he had been known to start out for one place and not arrive until weeks after the appointed time.)

Ken told the usual humorous anecdote before starting in on his speech, but a rich vein of humor was present throughout his whole talk. He was born out west, on the prairies, however, he did not place the responsibility for his developing a terrific thirst on the dryness of his birthplace. Ken's father had also been a drinker but he gave up when he got married. Ten children resulted from the marriage so Ken always that his father did not give everything up. He claims that he must have been an alcoholic from birth as his mother could not nurse him and he couldn't drink from a bottle with a nipple, however, he took to gurgling from a small neck bottle immediately. I cannot do justice to Ken's humor as his delivery was very good and my pen is much less than adequate.

Ken's whole talk was not on the serious side and he told a very real and pathetic story about the troubles his mother had brought him and his family. There were many times when he disappeared from his home and was mis-

sing for days or weeks at a time, only to wake up in some jail and have to call his wife to come down and bail him out. He was in and out of hospitals and sanitoriums and he referred to the time some over-zealous guards roughed him up and refused to let him leave the hospital until the bruises had disappeared.

Over and over, it was the same story: On the wagon for a few months and then one drink would set him off on some monumental binge that would put him right back where he started months before. Finally, Ken found A.A. and it has done what nothing else could do for him; kept him sober.

He admonished us not to feel sorry for ourselves. He referred to us as having two strikes against, however, he was certain we could still get to first base in life. We could go farther, but it was best not to try to steal second base. The problems of the ex-con were also mentioned, how to get employment, the shortage of friends etc. Ken's recommendation was that we be sincere and put an honest effort into making a new life.

A.A. has worked for Ken, Harvey and Murray and a host of others and I am sure it will work for any man in here who puts an honest effort into it. Ken went blind after he joined A.A. and he did not revert, so it must indeed be powerful medicine. If drinking is one of your problems, then you have nothing to lose by joining A.A. and you could very well come out a winner.

Summing Up: Good entertaining speakers who did not fall back on platitudes and sophistry to make their points. Just plain, hard-hitting talk from sincere men.

Lou L., an inmate, sang the Lord's Prayer to adjourn the meeting and he astonished all present with the power

and quality of his voice. When Jim S. announced that Lou would sing the prayer for us, there was an exchange of looks at the table to the effect that this would be another of the prices we would have to pay for the food. The first words from Lou's mouth changed that attitude to one of attentiveness. Very good Lou.

This brings us to the social part of the meeting. Food and talk. There was no segregation of the prisoners and visitors and every one I met seemed to be nice and friendly. A young couple sat across from me and we talked easily about A.A., the prison, our magazine and anything they asked about I tried to answer as honestly as I could. The conversation was not forced and it was a welcome change for me, at least. A

man in prison gets very tired of seeing the same faces and hearing the same stories all day, every day, for years after year. You have to run out of stories and, like T.V., re-runs are dull.

I think the visitors enjoyed the meeting, the inmates went back to their cells with smiles on their faces as when I last saw him, the Deputy Warden was all smiles, so I concluded that the meeting was a success from all points of view.

The A.A. members really appreciated the event and much of the credit must go to the outside guests who were willing to come in here and help us out. The A.A. group wish to extend their thanks to a swell group of people helping to make this 8th Anniversary a success for them.



Continued From Page 29

He did! He bolted down a piece of bread and took off with two paper airplanes tied on behind him. He tried to land and they both hit him, whereupon he took off again. When last seen he was flying fast and hard over the wall, pursued relentlessly by the paper air-

planes.

(For the benefit of the reader who is a bird-lover. I am able to report that there were no bird carcasses lying around and the gulls showed up again the next morning. I guess they took it all in the spirit of good sport.)

The men on "3" block seem to have taken an interest in the local bird life. It all started with a couple of good mentioned half-wits who threw out bread at night so the birds could have an early breakfast. It was not too bad when only the smaller birds, starlings, sparrows, robins, etc., showed up for their morning handout, however, one morning a couple of seagulls appeared and their nosiy squawking irritated the men who were trying to steal that extra ten minutes of sleep.

Many threats were hurled in the direction of those suspected of feeding the birds, but, apparently safe in their anonymity, they disregarded these attempts to stop their humane actions. The next morning, the prison yard was filled with the squawking of gulls and the irate inmates, roused from their sleep, rushed to their windows to see their tormentors.

Unlike the smaller birds, the gulls have no table manners and are constantly fighting over scraps of bread. The inmate figured he may as well enter the show as long as he was up, so he took two pieces of bread, tied them together with a two-foot length of thread, and threw them out to the gulls. The bread had barely hit the ground when two birds pounced and took off in different directions. The thread pulled them up short and both fell to the ground. Undaunted, one grabbed his piece of bread and took off in. He (or she!) was just getting started when another gull swooped down on the piece of bread trailing from the end of the thread. He grabbed hold and the first gull was pulled around and finally fell again. The bread fell also

and the process was repeated over and over.

The inmate, very pleased with the show he had produced, told his neighbours about it that day and preparations were made for the next morning.

When the gulls arrived they must have thought it was paradise! There were about a hundred pieces of bread laying on the ground and an equal amount of thread attached. No hooks! The inmates had reasoned that the thread wouldn't hurt the birds if fish bones or bits of clam shells didn't and I am sure the birds were not seriously injured.

The boys all got up early for the show and they were not disappointed. As many as six pieces of bread had been tied together and man, did those birds have trouble! Gulls don't nibble their food, they bolt it down in chunks. They would land, gulp a piece of bread and reach for another, only to be pulled up by a bird on the other end of the thread. A tug-of-war would then ensue until the thread broke and the straining birds would topple over. Did that teach them anything? They just grabbed the next piece and performed all over again.

As the fights progressed it became obvious that one bird was bullying all the others. He was a dirty-gray colour and must have outweighed the other birds by at least a half pound. He would win all tug-of-war contests, swallow the thread, and then proceed to steal bread from another bird. Many comments were passed among the inmates in regard to the character of this bird and all seemed to want him to get his lumps too.

PRISONER SIGNS TO DONATE EYES

Early in June, one of Collin's Bay's inmates requested a special letter from the Warden, for the purpose of donating his eyes to the Eye Bank of Canada.

The prisoner shall remain anonymous here for two reasons: He did not wish for publicity when he decided to make the arrangements for donating his eyes and, although it shouldn't be so, he has come in for considerable ribbing from his fellow inmates. The most common remark is, "Hey Sam! (pseudonym) Do you think that will get you a parole?"

Sam has become rather tired of answering these guys now, but at first he would try to explain why he was doing this and then try to talk the other inmates into it. Sure, Sam wants a parole. Who doesn't? However, his reason for donating his eyes is much more practical than the faint hope of a parole at some future date.

This is how he explained it to me:

"I've read a lot about this lately, in magazines and newspapers, and I think everyone should do it. They take your eyes *after* you are dead, so what good are they to you?

"Hundreds of Canadians can be given sight through this operation. Corneal graft is what they call it. If these people can see through my eyes after I don't need them, then I am glad to give them up. If you had an old suit that didn't fit, but was still in good shape, you wouldn't bury it would you? How much more important sight must be to a blind person!

"Apparently a lot of blind people can

be helped if they can just get enough eyes. The main part of the operation is that they have to remove the eyes from the donor within six hours after he dies. Not all eyes are satisfactory and they have to be examined at the Eye Bank first, but if they are O.K. then they rush them to an eye specialist and he has the patient waiting.

"Imagine how the patient must feel. A chance to see! I would hate to be blind and if I were, I know I would be grasping at every straw of hope. Even if the operation is not a success, and the odds are better than even it won't succeed, it won't have cost me a thing.

"The amazing thing to me is that everyone does not sign a donor card for the Eye Bank. I don't mean just all the cons in here, but everyone in the country."

I think he has a point. What better legacy could you leave to the world? Christianity calls for this kind of thing and most of us in Canada profess to be Christians. The Eye Bank does not have campaigns the same as the Red Cross Blood Bank, but I think they would get a lot of prisoners to donate if they would come and ask. Prisoners are sometimes reluctant to step forward lest they be labelled sycophants "softies".

If any readers are interested, information on this matter can be had by writing to:-

The Eye Bank of Canada,
The Canadian National Institute
for the Blind
929 Bayview Avenue,
Toronto 17, Ontario.

These Eyes



These eyes I give unto you
That you may forget the darkened past
And see the wonders of the world at last.
These eyes I hope will bring you joy,
Just like a child with a new found toy.
These eyes I will to you.

These eyes I give for they have seen
The love and hate of the past regime.
All the evils of this earth
And the beauty of a flower at birth.
The pretty sights of birds and bees
Fluttering gently in the breeze.
These eyes I will so that you, too, may see.

These eyes have seen the sunshine bright
And watched the golden moon of night.
They have seen and felt the rain's cool kiss;
All these things that you have missed.
They've watched the children at their play
And seen the difference of night and day.
That's why I will these eyes to you.

P. Crosby.

Editorial...

Groups of visitors are quite often given a "Cook's Tour" of Collin's Industrial Penitentiary. These visitors range from penal officials, to theological students to just plain citizens.

The visitors are always guided through the institution by a prison official and while they sometimes have conversation with a prisoner, it is very limited and could not be considered as an exchange of views. As a prisoner, I find that touring groups leave me feeling rather uncomfortable and with the knowledge that these people are not seeing the prison from the inmate's point of view.

The officer who is conducting the tour may be trying to present an honest picture of the institution to the visitor, but he must also be trying to impress the visitor with the facilities and programmes for rehabilitating the inmates. A member of the administration cannot possibly be impartial in his role of guide anymore than a prisoner could.

What an officer sees can be in direct opposition to what the inmate sees, and each can be telling the truth when he talks about the prison. Two men looking at a building, one from the outside and one from the inside, would give you two very different descriptions of what they saw. The point of view is what counts.

No one could argue that the inmate's point of view is not different than the officer's point of view. The prison guard is conditioned to see one side of the situation and the prisoner is forced to see the other. Occasionally an officer will get an insight into the prisoner's side and maybe it will make him a little more tolerant of us; the prisoner who can make this break-through, who can see the administration's side of the problem, is rare.

For this reason, the visitor can only see part of the prison and when he leaves he carries only a superficial or distorted view of prison life with him. This is bad, from any viewpoint, when the visitor's just Joe Citizen, but it can be disastrous if the visitor is an official of the Department of Justice. For a man to set prison policies based on this type of visit is a pernicious practice.

The May issue of our publication contained a report on the visit of the Board of Commissioners to our institution. The three men on the board, Mr. Stone, Mr. MacLeod and Mr. McLaughlin, talked with the former editorial staff of the Diamond and I feel sure they obtained a better picture of the institution from this conversation. I hope this commendable action was a precedent.

This is not to say that official visitors should rely on the staff of a prison publication for information about the institution. I blush to admit this, but inmates do not always support the views of the prison magazines. The only quality that an editorial staff *may* be recommended on is that they are able to present a cogent argument for the inmate's side. The Inmate's Committee, if the institution has one, is elected by the prisoners and it is to them the visitor should turn if he is interested in the prisoner's viewpoint. Vanity compels me to say that the staff of the prison magazine should also be present at any meeting if only in the capacity of reporters.

The new National Parole Board has been quoted in the daily newspaper

EDITORIAL

saying they would visit all of Canada's penitentiaries in the near future. I hope these visits will not take the form of a superficial inspection but that the board members will be able to talk over some of the prisoner's problems, with the prisoners themselves. The decision to visit every penitentiary is a wise one. Each institution has different problems and the type of prisoner in each institution also varies. This information is certainly made available to the board, but statistics cannot give the same picture as a personal visit. With the statistics and background information, an inspection of each prison should give the board a good basis on which they can judge the merits of the prison for themselves.

Parole is not a one-sided affair. It can be of benefit to both society and the convicts, but it also has disadvantages for both. Parole, if properly administered, can change a liability (the convict) into an asset, (a productive tax-payer). It is going to cost you, the tax-payer, to set up an efficient parole system, but it could be a saving to you in the long run. If the cheapest possible system is adopted and incompetent parole officers are employed, then you can expect no appreciable benefits. Parole is a big thing to Canada's prison inmates and they are anxiously awaiting the start of a new parole policy.

The parole board is aware, more than any prisoner, of the difficulties to be countered in establishing a new policy. The board is dealing with a very unpredictable and volatile quantity: human nature. The salvaging of a man's life must outweigh the monetary aspect, but to reform a man, you must appeal to his intellect. The mind governs the man. The only way the gentlemen of the parole board can find out what the convict thinks of parole is to talk with convicts. Talk to as many convicts as time and circumstances permit and to many types of criminals as possible. Some of the time will be wasted but there will also be many rewarding conversations.

I believe the board is sincere in its desire to serve the nation to the best of its ability, therefore, it is only logical to obtain all the information possible before setting out a policy on parole. How about hearing our side, gentlemen?

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dust doom.

Paul Wellman (The Chain)

Prisoner Potential

The government has been taking a large amount of your tax dollars and spending it on the rehabilitation of inmates confined to the penitentiary. The idea in theory is very good, but if you don't accept the released inmates the system is a failure and the money wasted.

When an inmate leaves the penitentiary he is entering the final stage of the rehabilitation plan and the average inmate will have approximately \$15.00 to \$20.00 in his pocket and a suit of clothes on his back. With very limited funds and without the aid and acceptance of society, he is forced back to a life of crime, which in turn, means another penitentiary sentence and more tax money.

Now if you will accept and aid the released inmate by offering employment, you are assisting in the final stages of the rehabilitation plan and you will be salvaging a man's way of life as well as saving a tremendous amount in tax dollars.

The following men will be leaving within the next 60 days and DO NOT want to go back to a life of crime. They are asking you for your help in the way of employment.

If you can assist these men in any way, please contact
The Classification Office,
P.O. Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

D-38 MAINTENANCE MACHINIST'S HELPER

Age 21—Single Education Grade 10—Previous employment, general factory work — Completed course in machine maintenance—Would like this type of work in Kitchener area.

D-29 SHEET METAL WORKER

Age 22—Education Grade 8—Has completed the sheet metal course and would like the opportunity to work in the Brantford area.

D-40 MECHANIC

Age 24—Single—Education Grade 10—Previous employment, 3 years as a miner—Presently employed as a mechanic—Has completed the Motor Vehicle Repair Course—Would like to work in a garage as a mechanic in the Timm

D-42 STEEL JACK

Age 29—Married—Education Grade 8—Previous employment, 5 years as a steel jack—Would like to work at this type of employment in the Toronto area.

D-41 A STEADY JOB

Age 32—Single—Education Grade 9
Previous employment, 3 years as a
truck driver—Presently employed in
the machine shop—Has completed
course in same—Would like a steady
job in any type of work in the Ottawa
area.

D-44 GARAGE WORK—

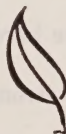
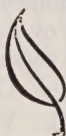
Age 25—Married — Education grade
—Previous employment 3 years driv-
ing a highway transport and 3 years
mechanic apprentice — Presently em-
ployed in the garage maintenance —
Completed third year registered ap-
prentice as a motor mechanic—Would
like to work in the Kingston area.

D-46 GARAGE WORK — Age 20 —
Single — Education grade 8 —Com-
pleted 1 year Motor Vehicle Repair
Course—Presently employed in the vo-
cational garage—Would like employ-
ment in the Toronto area.

D-43 BULLDOZER, SCRAPER, GRADER OPERATOR

Age 31—Single—Education Grade 8
Previous employment, bulldozer opera-
tor 12 years—Would like to continue
in this type of work anywhere.

D-45 BARBER —Age 30 —Married—
Education grade 4—Previous employ-
ment 6 years barbering—Presently em-
ployed as a barber— Has completed
course in same—Would like employ-
ment as a barber in the Hamilton/
Brantford area.



FUTURE

I see a summer sunset
A gay profusion see
My life, so like the sunset,
Are visions I can see
Beyond the blue horizon
The future is for me,
And in its wide horizon
Are many things for me.

J.E.M.



The day will come
there is no doubt,
When King and I
will have our bout.
He's chaffed me long
and rode me hard;
Methinks he's gone
a bit too strong.
He covers me with
dirt and filth
And then he drools
and leers.
But little does he know
my friends,
I'm going to box
his ears.
The time is drawing
near my friends,
But don't get on the phone,
For King is just a puppy dog
And me — well, I'm a bone.

Two police officers were patrolling a fairly-well-to-do residential area in the wee hours of the morning when their curiosity was aroused. They noticed a man sitting on the steps of one of the homes. They parked their cruiser and walked over to the man and the following conversation ensued:

Drunk: Yes, I do.

Drunk: Just a wee bit.

Officer: Why don't you go in and to bed?

Drunk: Not a chance. When I came home a couple hours ago my wife refused to let me in.

Officer: Well come on, let's again.

Drunk: To hell with that, let wait!

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